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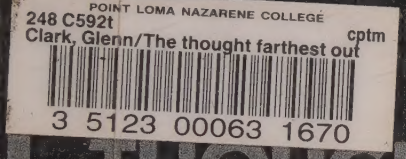

THE THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

GLENN CLARK

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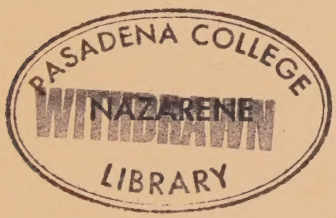
THE THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

by

GLENN CLARK

Author of "The Soul's Sincere Desire" and "I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes," etc.



SEVENTH EDITION

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

		PAGE
I	THE ISLAND FARTHEST OUT	1
II	THE RIVER FARTHEST OUT	10
III	THE THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT	19
IV	THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED BODY	31
V	THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED MIND	40
VI	THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED SOUL	46
VII	ONE THOUGHT MORE	53

PREFACE

to the Fifth Edition

When I wrote this little book in 1930 little did I dream that the vision expressed within its pages would come into such immediate realization. Yet that very summer one hundred readers of this book actually did come together to spend three weeks studying the Art of Falling into Balance, physically, mentally and spiritually on the shores of beautiful Lake Koronis, Minnesota. The results went so much farther than our most sanguine expectations that the Camp became a permanent affair, meeting there every summer since.

In 1933 another Camp was established, this time in New England, finding its permanent abode on the entrancing Isle of Shoals. Camps have also been held from time to time at Pacific Palisades, California, and at Lake Geneva, Wisconsin.

And so it has come to pass that the Thought Farthest Out caught one summer afternoon on the Island Farthest Out off the coast of Maine, has become embodied in a Camp Farthest Out, which, completing the circuit, has returned to the coast where it was born. To the rhythm of the pounding waves of the great Atlantic, as well as of the calmer wavelets of the inland lakes of our own great Middle West, hundreds of happy people gather each summer to share their visions and dream their dreams of a Nation and of a World moving in harmony with the great Vision of the Christ of bringing the Kingdom of Heaven into more perfect manifestation in the hearts and lives of men.

It is one of the wonders of the world how one little thought, when we put ourselves unresistingly into the stream of its flow, can carry us to an unfoldment beyond our fondest dreams.

It is the hope of the author of this little book, as he sends it forth on its eighth year in a new dress, that he who reads it will catch the contagion of its simple message, and will derive the strength and inspiration that he needs for bringing into realization his own dreams and his own visions for the enlargement and enrichment of his own life and for the welfare and happiness of others.

Saint Paul, Minnesota
October, 1937

GLENN CLARK

CHAPTER I

THE ISLAND FARTHEST OUT

I HAD been watching the oily gleam of the ocean with the sun shining upon it, and listening to the steady lapping of the waves against the sides of the boat, when suddenly my eye was arrested by a spot of green that seemed suspended between sky and water. I looked at it with curiosity and wonder. Gradually its outlines grew more distinct. The pines that seemed floating in the air gradually connected themselves with the ocean by means of an irregular and jagged shore line of gray rock.

"It is the island farthest out," said some one behind me on the boat.

So I was going to the island farthest out of all the islands off the mainland of the coast of Maine. The thought thrilled me. Mayhap I might catch the thought that was farthest out. The highest apple on the tree was always the sweetest and reddest. The dream of my heart that was farthest out from immediate realization was always the dream that was most alluring and enchanting.

When we reached the island all the inhabitants were down at the landing to welcome us. Another thrill! There surely must be some good thing about this island, I thought, where there is such unity, such integration, such sense of fellowship as this.

A tall, rather elderly man sought me out. He moved with the restful glide of a young panther, and led me up the hillside with the ease of one who was used to climbing.

We stopped and looked around us.

"What do you think of the island?" he asked.

"It is farther from the mainland than I thought," I replied. I was puffing after the steep slope. He was standing unwinded beside me, looking off across the ocean.

"There is something about an island," he said, "which you won't find on the mainland. You are completely surrounded by water, cut off by water from everything that has been binding you—from old worries and cares—from the League of Nations and the neighbor's gossip—from the United States Senate and the Ku Klux Klan."

I stared at my guide. Perhaps he was the thought farthest out.

Suddenly he paused and turned around and looked at me.

"Pardon me, but you are not a millionaire, are you?"

"No," I replied. "What made you ask me?"

"Oh, nothing," he answered. "Only I rather dread a millionaire—on an island. There is hardly room enough for them now, even on the mainland.

"Of course, if I could be the millionaire myself I would not mind. I would go about the island, buy up the skylines on it everywhere, and after I felt I had protected the sea, here, and the heavens and the hills, there, from carpenters and from gardeners, I would build a few carefully tucked-in houses, here and there in discreet spots, and invite my friends.

"All the flocks of rich people who are allowed to go blundering around nowadays through all the beautiful places of the earth (nearly every one of them perching up a big house that gets in everybody's way, even in God's way), would find one old hill at last that had been fixed so they could not get on it. They and their houses (if I stood

guard) and their menservants and maidservants, their sweeping drives, their stone posts with nasturtiums, their lawnmowers and pergolas would roll off this wild old island, year after year, like water off a duck's back. They would try to come and would flourish about faintly at first with their dollars, but I should always be here standing by my little shack (in any coat I liked) and I should tell them that heaven was my own, and that it could not be bought, that it could only be looked at. And then these still and bleak and mighty hills, this home of stars and snows, of winds playing in the grass, with its great sea around it day and night, tolling . . . tolling, at its doors, would be held for God. It would be held for people who love it a little, who worship it, and who come here every summer to go to church to it. I should keep it year after year as it was built—as a temple in the great waters. It should be kept for pure joy, one little island of it off Boston and New York, balanced up against the dusty continent. And I should have the island guarded as with a flaming sword by the Four Seasons, and over the island I should have the sea sing—to millionaires, to everybody, as they sailed up—these words: 'Except ye be as little children, ye shall not enter here.' "

"I hope I come as a little child," I replied humbly.

"You will do," he said. "The very fact that you got here at all, that you made the effort to get here, proves a good deal. For this place isn't like most places exposed to a Railway Station. It is not one of a long string of places, loosely arranged on a time table, where any man can happen off as he goes by. Probably this is what makes the island hold together socially. The people have all been sorted out to get to it. People who over and over again, summer after summer, are seasick to get to it, know why. Perhaps we ought

not to be blamed for feeling, at times, that we are a peculiar and chosen people. Eighteen miles in the open sea, in a very little open boat, makes people peculiar. And when we get here and look each other in the face after a few days, we feel chosen; we feel that our sense of the beautiful has been tested, that it is the real thing.

"I hold to the doctrine that the trouble with most summer resorts is that people do not pass entrance examinations to be admitted. Their steamers are too comfortable. If a summer resort wants to be the real thing, it is best saved not by putting up its prices but by putting in a rim of uncomfortableness all around it. And so as cottagers and real estate owners and lovers of nature we have doted on the little sailboat that brought us here—all the beauty and misery. It was a part of the scheme of protection, and of entrance examinations, and it gave the island an air, a certain low, quiet tone of its own.

"The arrivals and departures when we used the sailboat were little, stately ceremonies. When the boat came, low, furtive, mysterious, up out of the sea to us, its hull hidden in its sail, it seemed a kind of spirit, the spirit or the angel of the island, and we were being waited on by it day after day in this still, heavenly little port way out here in the sky and water. One came to gather about the sailboat troops of pleasant thoughts. It came to be the bearer of memories and of reveries and hopes. In the early morning one wanted to wake up in the early light and see it sail. Often one would think of it suddenly in the early light and wonder if it had gone, and would go over to the window to see, and one would watch it down in the little harbor half asleep in the mist, slipping out to the world.

"It was very different from the boat that comes to us

now. The sleek, sturdy steamer looks efficient and unsentimental, and it whistles a good deal, and you see at a glance that it is comfortable and that the knell has sounded and the island is protected no longer. The Philistines look at her and feel relieved. They walk about the deck before she starts and note how big and orthodox and stout and capable she is. But—

'She starts, she moves! She seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel.'

Then one by one they go down below, without saying anything. Any weather will do, apparently. She will get a nice, neat little roll out of it. . . . So with our new steamboat the island is protected after all. . . . We are no longer beautiful in coming to our little island, but we are miserable and thankful."

We climbed up the remainder of the slope to the little hamlet of fishermen's cottages, one of which, worked over in a workmanlike and artistic way, was his dwelling.

"I bought this of a fisherman," he said, "and have kept it as much like what it originally was as I could." One side of the low house was all window. "It's all open, you see. I can sit here and watch the fishermen coming up from the sea," he said, "coming out of the sky. I love to watch a fisherman coming out of the sky."

"One certainly likes to come to a place," I replied, "where a man seems to be allowed to go about the world with some of the mystery and vastness that belong to him."

"That's it," he continued, "one does not go about here seeing a man on the outside. One sees him with a picture of his soul lying out all around him. His aspirations and his awes and fears sculptured in the hills, always his thoughts painted on the heaven—that fair country of what he might

be and of what he is, and everywhere that background of God following and of the night and the day. We all have to slip out of New York to believe that a man is really infinite. It is very helpful, almost religious to be in a country for awhile where man is not merely immortal but immortal-looking.

"The first few days after I have arrived on the island, when I have just broken away from civilization, from the sense of too many people, whole Boston subways of them, and am roaming about on the cliffs with just a few immortal-looking beings about me, each with the furnished world of his own soul beside him, or carrying it around with him, I suspect that just at first if I were suddenly asked to make a world, I would make it mostly of islands, each island with its one man upon it, up against heaven. A few days later I would allow two, perhaps, gradually more, and finally, no doubt, each island would be allowed its little group or hamlet, all the people it had room for. But there should be enough heaven apiece, each should have his own bit of skyline to go with him, and except at boat-landing-time or at church, there should never be crowds, or long, cheap-looking rows of people."

Together we strolled out of the hamlet, up over Lighthouse Hill, through the Cathedral Woods until we came upon a huge pile of cliffs frowning down upon the sea. My guide climbed upon the highest rock and I climbed up beside him.

Neither of us spoke for quite a while. Only the sea spoke. And then after a long while he began to speak very softly. It was almost as though the sunshine falling upon the rock beside me had found voice and utterance.

"Some people seem to think of the sea a little disrespect-

fully, as just the left-over part of the earth that could not be made into land. Others of us may think of it in somewhat the same way but we keep respectful and interested. Its look of having been left over is the thing about the sea that makes us like it best. We wanted something left over. I come up on this rock every morning, because I have always wondered how things looked during the first half-week of creation. The sea seems to be about all we have left of the original chaos from which the continents were slowly thought out. It is the best and nearest peep we have into that old unfinished place which was so roughly sketched in Genesis when everything was still teeming and stewing and seemed to be guessing in a vague way at what it was going to be."

He was silent, and when I turned I saw that he had left me—left me alone with the sea. I could still see and feel the abandon and relaxation of his walk; I could still hear the abandon and relaxation of his talk. And then as I turned and looked at the sea I could feel and hear his walk and talk merge themselves into the sea . . . as though he were a part of the sea.

How perfectly relaxed the waves were as they rolled in, and how perfectly irresistible! Completely obedient to the law of gravity and the law of the tides, they tossed and threw themselves with enormous might at the cliffs, then melted and merged themselves back into themselves as quietly as they had been loud and mighty before.

Everything belongs to the sea, I thought. Everything ultimately comes down to the sea. The sea does not need to strive—does not need to worry. All it needs to do is to wait. It holds the whole round earth in the hollow of its hand. Whoever can catch the rhythm of the sea in his life, also holds the world in the hollow of his hand. Hours

quietly slipped by as I sat there. Then I heard a quiet rustle beside me, and I turned to find that my guide had returned.

"Would you like to be like the sea?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"As relaxed and irresistible as the sea?" he continued.

"Yes, if you know the secret."

"I know the secret," he replied. "Come with me."

So I went with him to his fisherman's hut and there began a series of lessons in growing like the sea, that strange and foolish and whimsical thing that men call the sea. And as I gave myself to the teachings of this imitator of the sea, I found that the more whimsical and utterly foolish I became the more powerful and irresistible my physical self became.

What can be more foolish—and more wise—than to imitate the stretching of a dog, the falling of a cat, the flying of a bird? As day after day went by, I found myself unwrapping sheath after sheath of imbedded, contracted muscles and tightly girt nerves, and learning over and over again the simple homely lessons of living like a dog, a cat, a bird . . . and finally . . . for this was what it all was leading up to . . . living like the sea.

And so one day I came forth and sat alone upon the rock and looked again upon the sea. But this time, not as a stranger looks upon a stranger, or as a worshipper upon a God, but as a comrade upon a comrade. If the sea was a God—I, too, was a God.

I watched the sea whip and pound forward against the ledges, with a leisurely, effortless motion, a motion grounded in gravity and governed by the law of the tides. Before me lay four huge rocks and the waves rolled through their crevices like five huge white fingers. The fingers seemed to have power enough to clasp and hold the rocks had they

cared to do so; to bend and destroy them, but they did not deign to do so. Their gesture of power turned into a caress as they withdrew. They seemed to say: "Why destroy or cling to that which is already mine?"

Here and there cliffs towered up high, too lofty to be reached by the sea—even to caress. "I don't belong to you —I am above you," they seemed to say. "You shall never possess me."

To this the sea merely unsheathed its white teeth in a smile that rippled along the whole shore line of the island.

And that afternoon the sun sent down a rainbow ribbon of light and carried a river of water to the clouds, and the next day the sea fell in a torrent upon the cliffs, sweeping their faces, caressing their stiff necks and patting them tenderly upon their heads as though it were saying: "You cannot escape me, O Land!"

Yes, the whole round earth is held in the hollow of the hand of the mighty sea. The land, rigid and firm, is possessed, ruled, controlled, and given life by the sea, because the sea knows how to relax utterly and be completely obedient to the laws of the tide and of the sun and of the universe.

And little Man, as he gives himself utterly to the great laws of the spirit and of life, and relaxes himself completely to the laws of the tides and of the sun—perhaps he, too, holds the world in the hollow of his hand. Perhaps the teachings and the wisdom were true that I learned from the whimsical, foolish man on the island farthest out.

CHAPTER II

THE RIVER FARTHEST OUT

ONE night I had a dream. I dreamed that the city in which I had lived and worked for many years had suddenly become a city in fairyland. A beautiful fairy dressed in white and gold came to me and said, "I am the spirit of this city. Command me and I will grant you whatever you wish."

"Show me the most wonderful thing that this city contains," I cried, "something which no eye has ever seen before."

She waved her wand and immediately I saw a river rise up out of the earth and flow up into the sky. It was the purest river I had ever seen . . . pure distilled water was never more clear . . . the reflection of earth and sky was in it as in a mirror . . . the sun, moon and stars all shone in it at the same time.

"I didn't know that river was there!" I exclaimed. "Why didn't some one ever tell me that river was there?"

"Because you have been content with what your eyes have shown you and with what people have told you. But know henceforth that the greatest things are the invisible things, the things which the eye does not see and the ear does not hear."

I gazed long at the river rising steadily, silently, powerfully as if it would never cease its flow.

Finally I said, "But whence comes this river? How can

it flow on so endlessly? From what eternal spring does it rise?"

"Do you mean to say that you have never watched the raindrops falling in your city, and the hail and snow? Do you not know that if a river of water comes down, it must also go up again from whence it comes?"

"But raindrops and snowflakes cannot make a river," I cried. "There aren't raindrops enough in the whole state to make a river as wide as that. There are only thirteen inches of rainfall in this city a year. But the water I see flowing past me can be measured by tons. Can inches be converted into tons?"

Said the fairy, "If you talk in numbers I, too, can talk in numbers. Spread your thirteen inches of rainfall over this entire city and it weighs seven million tons, equal to the combined weight of all the men, women, and children of America. How long would it take a lake of seven million tons to flow into the sky?"

"I don't know."

"It would take all year for such a river to flow into the sky. Look long at the river, and when you have looked your fill, I shall show you another wonder even greater than this."

Next she took me to a high hill, one of the seven hills upon which my fair city is built.

"See before you the homes in which happy people are dwelling," she began. "See the hospitals, the schools and colleges scattered out all before you. See the beautiful parks and playgrounds. See the hotels and factories. Would you see the power that has built all these?"

"Yes," I replied.

For a long time I waited. As I waited I tried to imagine

what was the mystery that I was to see. Would it be an army of carpenters and masons? I waited for them, but they did not come. Would it be contractors and architects? They, too, did not appear. Would it be gold and silver, stocks and bonds? They, too, did not put in an appearance.

"You asked me to show you the wonders that cannot be seen by the eye of man," the fairy reminded me, "the great, invisible things. You are looking without; I am waiting for you to look within."

So I grew very still, very quiet, very humble. Then I looked again. Suddenly a great light shone above me and the sky seemed to open, and through the rift came a vast river of light. Never had I seen such dazzling light, and yet never light so restful to the eye. All the purity of the sunshine, all the beauty of the rainbow was wrapped in the folds of that light.

Then softly I said, "Is it from thence that comes all the power that is creating my city . . . that is creating my world? From the skies?"

The fairy did not speak. She merely pointed to another river . . . a river also of light, that flowed not downwards but upwards.

Then she said, speaking very softly, "From the heart of men there is continually being drawn a constant living river . . . a river that the eye of man hath not seen, nor the ear heard . . . but far greater, far mightier than any river that ever sought its way to the sea. It is the great silent river from the souls of men that flows forever upward, the river that Isaiah talked about when he said, 'But in the last days it shall come to pass that the mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains, and people shall flow unto it.' "

Gradually the picture faded out of sight. Then the fairy said, "I have answered your request. I have shown you wonderful things that eye hath not seen nor ear heard. What more would you ask?"

"How can I put myself in the flow of this stream of power?" I asked. "How can I surrender myself and be one with it?"

The fairy led me down the hill to a little lake. Above the lake the mists were forming, writhing, twisting until they took the form of a fairy maiden, soft and translucent and white.

"Ask her who she is," commanded my guide.

"I am the Spirit of the Lake," she replied, "I am the Spirit of all water. What would you command me?"

"Tell me the secret of your power," I said.

"My secret is that I rise easily and I fall easily. I do not rise to myself alone, neither do I fall to myself alone. That is the secret of my power. Wherever I go I bring happiness. As I rise I bring happiness to the sky. As I fall I bring happiness to the earth. All the power, all the magic of the machinery of the world is caused by me and my magic garment of steam. I am lifted to a higher altitude level by the warmth of the sun, and fall from the mountain top down upon the mill wheels beneath. I am lifted to a higher temperature level by the warmth of coal and oil, and fall from the higher temperature level of the boiler to the lower temperature level of the generator. But wherever I move I bring power. And wherever my power is used with love, I bring happiness."

"But how do you rise and how do you fall?" I asked.

"I rise by relaxing my grip on *things*. I let go of the clay and earth and mud particles, on everything that is not

mine to keep and hold. I relax my grip on everything that is unlike myself, on all that does not belong to my own nature. Thus by the mere act of letting go I find my own true essential self, and my real self is always light and airy and free. Without any volition of its own it gravitates upward to the exact place and level that belongs to it. It would be more amazing, when one has released himself from that which is not himself, if he did not gravitate upward to the place that belongs to him, than it would be for a stone dropped from the hand not to fall upon the earth beneath."

"But you are only water," I exclaimed. "Your secret cannot be my secret. I want the secret of *my* life. How can *I* put *myself* in the stream of power and rise and fall in the service of God and the service of man?"

The Spirit of the Lake whirled and eddied until her face appeared almost as clear as a human face. Then with a smile she fixed me with her eyes and said, "And are you not five parts water for every part clay?" and with a silvery laugh she whirled into the air and vanished.

As I turned to my guide, a lithe young man clad in light swimming costume dashed down to the shore, up the spring board, and with one pretty vaulting leap flew through the air with the airy lightness of a bird. He cut the water like a fish. A few moments later he scrambled out of the water and sat down beside me.

"Speak to him," commanded my guide. "Ask him the secret of his power."

"Would you mind telling me how you made that beautiful dive?" I asked.

"When I step out of my street costume and into my swimming suit," he said, "I let go of all my old body tensions, my nerve inhibitions, and my artificially created reflexes.

All day long by wrong standing postures I have been building these tensions into my nerves and muscles, tensions that are not my natural own. All day by wrong walking, wrong sitting, wrong resting, they have been getting their hold on my nature. When I let go of the things that are not mine to keep, when I drop all that is unlike myself, all that does not belong inherently to my own nature, I find my own essential self, light and airy and free. Oh!" and he stretched his arms as high as he could reach and turned around slowly three times, gazing upward toward the sky, "Oh, at such times when I am truly myself I feel as though I could fly without wings!"

Suddenly he turned to me.

"But greater than the joy of leaping up is the joy of falling down. To fall with all of yourself, to let all of yourself go without hesitation, without fear, straight into the great silver lake of God! To let the freedom of your joy pull you up and the freedom of gravity pull you down . . . that is heaven!"

Then I thought to myself, "I begin to see the secret of power. It is to fall first up, then down. Yes, everything we do is but a falling process, a falling first up and then down. Walking is a falling process, running is a falling process. Leaping, bounding, dancing, gymnastic feats are merely different forms and expressions of the falling process. He who is the most relaxed and who gives himself most abundantly and joyously and harmoniously to falling in harmony with the law of gravity is the one who excels at these things. Every movement of every relaxed body, when that movement is in perfect accordance with the law of gravity, is a perfect and beautiful movement."

"First it was Water," said the fairy at my shoulder,

"then it was Body. Is this all the expression of power that you would see?"

"Show me Mind," I commanded.

An old man appeared, coming down to the lake. He seemed to be deep in thought. Seating himself near us with his back against a stone in a position of beautiful relaxation, he stared intently at the water. Never did I see a man so unself-conscious, so perfectly natural, so perfectly free.

"This is the one who has given the world the incandescent lamp, and the talking machine, and a thousand other inventions that have made the modern world. Ask him how you can put yourself in the living stream of his power."

"How did you find that which you have found?" I asked. "Give me the secret of your power."

"I left school when I was a boy," he replied, "because my mother wanted to save me from interruptions and inhibitions of well-meaning teachers. I escaped the artificial striving after grades, the fear of examinations, the selfish rivalries of school rooms. I never showed off before my classmates. I let go and released my grip on all the empty honors, all the external artificial processes of education, the insincerities and the hypocrisies and the unnaturalnesses that were not mine. Thus I found myself, and that self was light, unhampered and free. Then I let myself gravitate to that which my curiosity and intellectual hunger naturally drew me, where my real warm interests lay. I never did a day's work in my life. It was all play, because I always put my enthusiasm into it. Friend, I have always been a boy."

As I listened, I knew that gravity in the mental realm is the drawing power of the God-given urge, the deep-seated inner enthusiasms, the leadings of the healthy, sincere, honest

mind that, left to itself, always seeks for the finest and best that has been thought and done. The mind which is completely relaxed from self-consciousness, from fears from inhibitions, will naturally and wholeheartedly seek that which it really desires. It is the characteristic of all geniuses that they seek without apology or excuse that which they truly and honestly want, and so great is the peace and happiness that they derive from this seeking that nothing can make them desist until they reach it. "Genius is," as Robert Louis Stevenson said, "the expression of an artist's true joy in his work."

"First it was Water," said the fairy at my shoulder, "then it was Body, then it was Mind. Is that all?"

My voice came faint and faltering as I whispered, "Show me Spirit."

Even as I spoke, a beautiful One with white mantle all of one piece and woven from above came down to the Lake and seated Himself in the end of a boat. The two men and the fairy and I sat on the shore.

"Is there anything you would have me tell you?" He asked of us on the shore.

"Tell me your source of power," I cried, "and tell me how to place myself in the center of that stream of power."

In a voice of soft accent, and yet which could be clearly heard from where He was, He said:

"Blessed are those who feel poor in spirit. Lightened of the dross of earth, the Realm of Heaven is theirs.

"Blessed are those that mourn. Lightened of the weight of attachment, they will rise to the high consolations.

"Blessed are the meek. Lightened of the grip of pride, they shall be lifted to where they may command the earth.

"Blessed are those who hunger and thirst after the righteousness that is on high. They shall the sooner be lifted to the place where every desire of the spirit is fulfilled.

"Blessed are the merciful. They shall be lifted to where they may derive the fruits of mercy.

"Blessed are the pure in heart. They shall be lifted to where they shall see God.

"Blessed are the peacemakers. They shall be lifted to where they shall be sons of God.

"Blessed are those who have been persecuted for the sake of goodness. Such persecution is the greatest of all the cleansings that remove the dross of earth. The Realm of Heaven is theirs.

"A man cannot serve two masters. When he clings to the mammon of unrighteousness he cannot be lifted to God. A city that is hidden in a valley cannot be lifted to the top of a hill. A candle that is hid under a bushel cannot be seen at the same time on the top of the stand. So let your lamp be lifted high where your light may shine before men, so that they may see your good works and glorify the Father that is in Heaven.

"And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

* * *

Long after the dream had passed, long after the fairy had vanished, long after the motions of the swimmer and the words of the wise man had grown dim in my memory, the voice of the One sitting in the boat lingered in my heart. . . . "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

CHAPTER III

THE THOUGHT FARTHEST OUT

AND now at last I was ready for the thought that was farthest out. Not until I had traveled far, not until I had dreamed much, was I big enough—and simple enough —to know that truth which every child knows whenever he plays the simplest games of childhood. Here it is,—the truth that is so simple that it seems very difficult, so near that it appears to be very far away:

THE MOST POWERFUL, IRRESISTIBLE MOTION THERE IS, AS WELL AS THE MOST EFFORTLESS, IS THE MOTION OF FALLING. WHOEVER CAN, WHEN CONFRONTED WITH A CRISIS, LET HIMSELF FALL THE MOST EFFORTLESSLY—AND THEREFORE THE MOST IRRESISTIBLY — IS THE ONE WHO KNOWS BEST THE SECRET OF LIFE.

I was reading the other day, how, when a young man came to Agassiz and asked him how he could become a scientist, Agassiz replied, "Go and study the spider for a year." Why could not you or I tell a young man if he should come asking how he could master the thought farthest out, "Go study the cat for a year"?

I know that will sound absurd, but after all why should such a remark be any more absurd than Agassiz's? Is not the cat a more perfect and finished and elaborate creation of God than the spider, and is not the cat a perfect example of that most essential of all requirements of life — the capacity to balance oneself while falling? Let us watch the

cat for a moment. Pick it up and hold it upside down and then let go of it and see what happens. Without any fuss or hysterics, with one or two silent motions, it rights itself and lights quietly on its feet. After studying the cat for a year one would know,—he would not *believe* merely but he would *know* from *experience,*—that WHATEVER MAN,—NO MATTER WHAT THE CRISIS HE IS THROWN INTO, WHETHER PHYSICAL, MENTAL OR SPIRITUAL,—WHO IS ALWAYS ABLE TO LAND ON HIS FEET,—IS A TRULY EDUCATED MAN, NO MATTER WHAT CREDENTIALS OR DEGREES HE CARRIES WITH HIM.

A little investigation will prove to one that such a man is very rare. The average person, when he is thrown into a crisis, finds himself completely out of plumb. He has to stop his machinery and run out and crank himself up, or prime himself up or wind himself up, or whatever you want to call it, to put himself into balance long enough to meet the situation as best he can. As soon as the crisis is over, he relapses into his habitual state of unbalance again.

Just think of what a waste of time this is. Just think of how much time would be saved if our educational system, while training people to do this or do that, or learn this or learn that, would train them first and foremost in the art of balance. Of course this is what our schools and what our gymnasiums and what our churches are supposed to be doing, and to a certain extent they succeed. But think how much more would be accomplished if all the gymnasium teachers, all the college professors, and all the ministers, *knew* that this was the one central aim and object of their work—and if they all united to inculcate in all the young people they were working with, this thought farthest out.

I think that nothing would be more worth while than to get a hundred people together on some island for three weeks where they could devote their uninterrupted time to an intensive study of this thought farthest out. Wouldn't it be wonderful if we could go off somewhere and crank ourselves up or wind ourselves up, or prime ourselves up so thoroughly that we could run in balance for a life time!

There would be only one thing we would need to study at such a camp, and that would be the Art of Falling. Of course if a college professor got into our midst, he might want to sub-divide it into,—Religion, or the Ritual of falling; History, or the Chronicle of falling; Philosophy, or the Reason for falling; Aesthetics, or the Art of falling, and so on. One could make the study just as simple or just as complicated as he wished to. But if we had only three weeks to do it in, instead of four years, I think we could take it up very nicely under the simple head, "The Art of Falling." Falling is perhaps the most fundamental art of all life, and yet the art which for some strange reason has been most persistently overlooked by educators from the beginning of time. It has been overlooked because it seemed so easy. Why study that which anyone can do by the mere act of letting go of himself? By letting go of itself the dewdrop falls upward, and by letting go of itself it falls downward. We find this process at work also in the athlete, in the scholar, and in the saint. This process which is the key to all the great irresistible forces in the universe, as well as to all the great irresistible persons, has certainly been very strangely overlooked by our masters and teachers.

But let us see if this process is as easy as it appears. I have just said that it is the one process where we seemingly

don't have to do anything but let go. But is it as easy to "let go" as it seems to be? Have you actually met anyone who truly knew how to let go? Is not that exactly what everyone down in his heart wants to do more than anything else in all the world, and yet which everyone is *afraid* to do? That word *afraid* it seems to me is the key that explains why this has so rarely been done in the past, and why educators are so loath to put it into the curriculum in the present. They are afraid it can't be learned! Or they think that people will get hurt learning it.

And why are people afraid to "let go"? Because to "let go" implies a surrender of one's self to this whole process of "falling," and the most primal and early and deeprooted fear that every one is born with, so psychologists tell us, is the fear of falling. If a man can overcome his fear of falling he can overcome the world.

How can one overcome the fear of falling? There is only one way that I know of, and that is for him to learn how to balance himself.

The first step in overcoming *physical* fear is to learn how to balance your body. But how can you do this? By relaxing your neck, and making all your motions rhythmical, that is to say, make them blend in perfect coordination. Skilled gymnasts and trained athletes are never afraid because they know that when they fall, they can always fall into balance. When you meet a man whose neck is relaxed and whose head is having a happy time on the top of a balanced spine, you have an athlete who has mastered the art of life in the physical realm.

The secret of overcoming *mental* fear is to bring your mind into harmony by balancing your imagination. All our

mental fears are caused by an arrested and tightened imagination, just as all our physical fears are caused by a tightened neck. By relaxing your imagination I mean relaxing and letting go of all your mental inhibitions and seeing facts as they really are, in proper relation and in proper perspective. When you see things in wholes and not in parts, and see behind or through every fact to the truth of which it is a part, you will find things unfolding before you in perfect sequence and in perfect order. Then quietness and calmness will be your portion.

The secret of overcoming fears of the *soul* is to bring your spirit into balance. What the arrested and tightened neck is to our physical balance, the arrested and tightened power of love is to our spiritual balance. By relaxing our love from its inhibitions, and seeing people as they really are, as perfect beings in a perfect world governed by a perfect God, all the fears of the spirit will vanish. The world is based primarily on love. Love is the strongest force in the world, so strong that it needs no other force to support it or sustain it. Love is the power that brings all things into perfectly adjusted and harmonious relationship. And yet how many people are afraid to fall "into" love?

After one has completely relaxed himself from his fears, his covetousness, his angers, from all the baser selfish inhibitions and repressions and has therefore mounted up to the place where he truly and essentially belongs, then he can safely and securely fall wherever he is drawn by the magnet of unselfish love. But as the baby cannot at the beginning always fall in harmony with the law of gravity and is therefore at times awkward in his actions and is occasionally hurt, so the one who is still an infant in the spiritual life, who has

just learned how to let go of his selfishness, may still be unaware of the balancing power of this spiritual coordinating principle, LOVE. Like Dante, who sometimes followed the voice of the Lady by the Window—false Earthly Philosophy—and forgot to be true to the voice of Heavenly Love, so you may occasionally find your first steps somewhat awkward, and at times they may even cause you pain.

But do not be discouraged. After a few false steps you will awake one day just as suddenly as the child does, to the true art of walking. As suddenly as comes the coordination of the relaxed body with the world about him in the child, just that suddenly will come to you the coordination of the relaxed soul with the world of Peace and Love and Harmony about you. Then you can truly do as you like, speak the word you feel urged within to speak, make the friends that your heart desires, do the work which your spirit craves. . . . For then, being so tuned into the knowledge that the good of one cannot be separated from the good of all, you cannot in your heart desire to do that which will not contribute to the good of all, and therefore when you cannot do that which you think you would like to do because it interferes with what someone else would like to do, you will find in your heart that you are happy not to do it, happy at least until in God's plan you can find the door open to do that which you would really rather do. By that test you will know that you are in spiritual balance.

To sum up: When you relax your body, relax your imagination, relax your love, you will bring yourself into perfect balance, and then you will find the world around you, which a moment before seemed topsy-turvy or upside down, is in perfect balance, too: a perfect world filled with perfect

people, governed by a perfect God.

And so we can say that the easiest, the most effortless motion, is falling. The only kind of perpetual motion that can be conceived of that could be in any way practical, would be a motion of continual falling. Indeed, the action of the stars in their courses, and the motion of the earth as it swings in its orbit about the sun, and the action of the moon as it moves about the earth seem to me to be nothing but that . . . a continual falling, falling, falling, but always in their prescribed courses.

In our own little individual experiences we find that our own motions are for the most part falling motions. But unfortunately these motions do not seem to be continuous, perpetual, automatic. They have to be continually primed, cranked or started by us . . . and if we were not continually running out and cranking ourselves up again, we would shortly "run down." Moreover, we would be continually hitting the ground with a bump . . . and landing on our heads instead of on our feet.

Our walking is a falling, a continuous falling and a continuous catching of ourselves. Were we perfectly attuned to God's laws, had mankind never fallen out of Eden, perhaps we would not have to be always catching ourselves. Perhaps we could let God wind us up and start us off in the beginning and then just keep on falling through all time and Eternity. Perhaps after we die and go to heaven, that is what we shall find heaven will be like—a continual falling, but always falling into tune, always falling into perfect relationships with others, always falling "into" love with the persons we were supposed to fall "into" love with at the time they fell in love with us; falling into step with friends as they fall into

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step with us; falling into great big beautiful realms of consciousness, into beauty, into happiness, into glory. Could any happier conception of heaven be dreamed of than that?

I do not know of any better way of ending this little chapter than by adding this conception of God's Divine Plan for you. A friend of mine planted the germ of it in my heart one day, and it has been growing and unfolding like a seed ever since. Take it now and transplant it into the garden of *your* heart and make it yours by daily reading and it will grow and bear fruits, and great will be the fruits thereof. I sincerely believe that the best way to learn the art of falling into balance is to meditate daily upon the Plan that you believe God has in store for your life, and to try to let go and surrender yourself completely to it. Then, in time you, too, may find your journey through life, like the action of the stars in their courses, and the motion of the earth as it swings in its orbit around the sun, has become a continual falling process, but always falling in your prescribed course, the Divine Course charted for you by your Father who is in Heaven.

THE DIVINE PLAN

I. I believe that God has a Divine Plan for me. I believe that this Plan is wrapped in the folds of my Being, even as the oak is wrapped in the acorn and the rose is wrapped in the bud. I believe that this Plan is permanent, indestructible, and perfect—free from all that is essentially bad. Whatever comes into my life that is negative is not a part of this God-created Plan, but is a distortion caused by my failure to harmonize myself with the Plan as God has made it. I believe that this Plan is Divine, and when I relax myself completely

to it, it will manifest completely and perfectly through me. I can always tell when I am completely relaxed to the Divine Plan by the inner peace that comes to me. This inner peace brings a joyous, creative urge that leads me into activity that unfolds the Plan, or it brings a patience and a stillness that allow others to unfold the Plan to me.

II. I believe that this beautiful Divine Plan for me is a perfect part of the larger Pattern for the good of all, not something separate unto me alone. I believe that it has ramifications and interweavings that reach out through all the persons I meet and all the events that come to me, and that the best way to put myself in harmony with the Divine Plan that is within myself is to accept with radiant acquiescence all the individuals and events that are drawn to me, seeing in them perfect instruments for the perfect unfoldment of my perfect Plan. In other words, I believe that to see harmony in that which is without brings harmony in that which is within, even as to see harmony in that which is within brings harmony in that which is without.

III. I believe that God has selected those persons who are to belong to my Plan, and through proximity, mutual attraction or need, they and I are continually finding each other out. I believe in praying for ever-increasing capacity to love and serve them and for greater worthiness to be loved and served by them in return. I believe in sending out a prayer to the Father to draw to me those who are meant to help me and be helped by me in order to express my life together with them.

IV. I believe in asking my Heavenly Father for only that which is mine. This enables me to look forward to receiving only those things which are mine according to the

Providential Plan. It releases my mind from all anxiety and uncertainty. It eliminates fear, jealousy, and anger. It gives me courage and faith to do the things that are mine to do. When my mind is attuned to the things that are mine, I become free from greed, passion, impure thoughts, and deeds; but when I look without or watch others to see what they are or are not receiving, I cut myself off from my own source of supply and minimize my power to receive.

V. I believe that the gifts of God are many thousands of times greater than I am now capable of receiving, and that I should therefore pray to increase my capacity both to receive and to give, for my power to receive is as great as my power to give, and my power to give as to receive. Gifts of God always bring peace, contentment, and joy, and therefore anything in which I find a natural harmony and peace and which does not interfere with anyone else's natural expression of life belongs to me, and my work for which I feel a natural call, by gift or inclination, is mine to do. When I am attuned to that which is mine, I find no barrier in God's Kingdom; hence I accept none.

VI. I believe that God's Plan for me is a healthy, happy expression for the good of all, and that everything that makes me feel happy to do will bring happiness to others. Therefore, when I am hindered from doing the things that I want to do, I believe that God has closed the door only to open another, and that upon every closed door there is a sign pointing to a better and larger door just ahead. My disappointments, therefore, become His appointments. If I do not readily see the door just ahead, I believe that it is because there is some blindness, deafness or disobedience within my life that walls me off from God, and that God is using the

resulting trouble or failure to help me find the inspiration and the guidance and the power to help me overcome it so that I may see the right door.

VII. I believe that the chief essential of life is to keep in touch with the Father, and let the Divinity that is in me manifest through me. I believe that the whole world about me is full of beauty, joy, and power, even as it is full of God, and that I can share it and enjoy it if I attune myself to my Divine Plan and am inwardly open toward God and outwardly helpful toward men. I shall ask my Heavenly Father and Friend who dwells within me and who has given me this vision of life, to give me His help in its realization and to help me share it with others, that it may bring peace and happiness to many.

INTERLUDE

The principle underlying the "Thought Farthest Out" can be summed up as follows:

FALL FIRST UP, THEN DOWN.

First: Let go of the dross of life, and turn in thought to God and the Kingdom of Heaven, or to your highest conception of God and the Kingdom. Thus liberated and thus drawn, you will naturally *fall upward,* and "*come up over*" the Problem.

Second: Let your heart be filled with Love, and then turn in thought to the Need or the Problem at your door. Thus filled and thus drawn, you will naturally *fall downward*, or, in other words, your Love and your Faith will flow down over the Need and will "*overcome*" the Problem.

If the reader has caught the principle and understands it, there is very little for him to do except to go out and practice it. Consequently I thought that the most helpful thing I could do at this point would be to insert some actual talks given to people who were in dead earnest to catch the principle and apply it in their own lives. These talks are printed here substantially as they were given with little or no attempt to bring the wording into adjustment with the principle just stated. Such adjustment is left for the reader to make for himself.

CHAPTER IV

THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED BODY

*An address given before the University of Wisconsin Track Team at Madison, Wisconsin, February, 1927**

I AM always happy to speak before a group of track men, because track athletics, if correctly performed, not only bring into play the effort of each little individual himself, but, through him, bring into action all the pent-up physical, psychic and spiritual forces in the universe. This is without question the greatest value which track athletics, as well as every other form of athletics, bring to men. Psychologists tell us that man ordinarily uses only twenty-five percent of himself. When a man is face to face with the great moments of his life he must find a way somehow to bring into play *all* of himself—he must draw on *all* the hidden reserves of his nature. Every contest in a track meet presents such a moment. To succeed in most things a man finds it necessary to do the *best* he can. To succeed in an athletic contest a man must often (and this sounds like a paradox) *do better than he can.*

Indeed track athletics often place a man on a vast wind-swept horizon above which the little individual is silhouetted in all his helplessness, weakness and incompleteness. Such a

*The writer has been an active track coach for twenty years. He established the first State Intercollegiate Track and Field Meet in the State of Minnesota, and at the time of his resignation from active coaching was, in point of years of service, the dean of all the track coaches of Minnesota. This speech should be read, therefore, not as a visionary dream of an idealist, but as a normal, natural plan of technique, to be immediately and practically applied in any crisis that demands the use of one's physical powers.

background furnishes an ideal moment for a man to seek after God lest happily he may find Him. It is not a time to pray for success, neither is it a time to pray to do one's best—prayers of such kind are often futile and worthless. It may not be even a time for prayer at all — in the commonly accepted meaning of that term. BUT IT CERTAINLY IS A TIME FOR A MAN TO ACKNOWLEDGE HIS UNION WITH HIS MAKER AND LEAN BACK UPON THE POWER THAT SUCH UNION CAN GIVE HIM. IT IS CERTAINLY A TIME WHEN A MAN SHOULD THROW OFF, IF HE CAN, ALL THE UNNECESSARY DEBRIS AND IMPEDIMENTA OF FEARS, ANGERS, PREJUDICES, MEANNESSES, ENVIES AND DISCORDS THAT HE CAN AND MAKE OF HIMSELF AS CLEAR A CHANNEL AS POSSIBLE FOR PASSING ON THE POWER AND GLORY OF GOD.

For this is one of the times in a young man's life when he should say, if he knows how, "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness, and the power, and the glory, and the victory and the majesty."

I always like to tell athletes how man, made after the image and likeness of his physical father, is dependent upon the physical heritage handed down from his physical fathers before him, but how he, also, being made after the image and likeness of his Spiritual Father, can use also the spiritual heritage which has been handed down to him from the Father who is in heaven. In moments of crisis a man often finds that the physical heritage is not nearly so valuable as the spiritual heritage. So often have I found that to be the case that I must record a few instances of it here and now.

I had one boy on my track team named Bob, a dandy chap, very desirous to prove himself worthy of the team, but whose work all the season had been very mediocre. One day

during a meet in which he was running last in nearly all his races I saw him sitting apart, morose and unhappy, blaming himself bitterly. Several days later just before the next meet I took him aside and asked him what was the matter. He said he was disgusted with himself, and had come to the conclusion he was never going to amount to a row of pins in track. I said I thought he was taking himself far too seriously. "You act as though you think the fate of the entire team depends upon your own individual running. It certainly doesn't. We can get along without your running if you find you can't run. But we can't get along without your spirit of enthusiasm and good will. Now forget yourself entirely in the meet tomorrow. Go around and pat the other fellows on the back. Spread sunshine and encouragement to all. And when time for your race comes get down on your marks with a feeling of sheer joy in your heart for the opportunity for self expression it gives you. Run for the joy of it, dash down the stretch for the love of it. Don't give a hang about winning."

I shall never forget the 220 next day. It had to be run around a curve and the track was in poor condition. Moreover, the runners had to face a stiff wind blowing up the straightaway. But I shall never forget the way he came around the bend twenty yards ahead of his nearest competitor, his face raised with a glorified, joyous expression upon it. When the time was announced, breaking all local records —and at least three full seconds faster than he had run it the week before, he could hardly believe it. "But it is a curved track," he protested, "and the wind was against me."

"Never mind," I said; "three watches caught you. They ought to know."

Time after time I found that when my boys began slumping until they ceased to have any hope of winning for themselves and finally decided to keep on with the squad merely out of desire to help the morale of the team by not quitting, I found that they began to win races. Conversely when honors and plaudits began to come to them until the steady stream made them conceited or self-conscious, they were almost invariably in danger. These extra outside urges, which at first may have furnished a temporary stimulus, very shortly became mere impedimenta. In other words, the more unself-conscious and unself-seeking my athletes were, the clearer channels they became for the great inner powers of the creative spirit to flow through them.

I found it rarely necessary to speak to the boys of the existence of a God and the value of faith and prayer—nearly all of them consciously or unconsciously took all this for granted. But I found it very worth while to call their attention to the necessity of banishing selfish thoughts, anger thoughts and fear thoughts which serve to block the channel for the clear expression of their own natural simple faith. One of the striking things about an athletic field is that it is like a battle field in one respect: It presents moments when equal respect is given to a man for his religious belief without questioning whether he belongs to the Catholic, Protestant or some of the "impatient" modern creeds.

Boys who learn how to play the game with complete unselfishness, and with love in their hearts for their teammates and sheer joy in the sport itself, learn lessons that I am sure will serve them all the rest of their lives. The most striking lesson my boys used to learn during each season was that without knowing how or why, when they did possess

this spirit, they were always *in the pink of condition* for their event. Some of my boys discovered also, that when a man is "in tune" he could trust the natural, instinctive impulses that welled up within him. For instance, my half-miler, the president of the college Y.M.C.A., told me that whenever he started a race with love and joy in his heart, and without thinking of winning, he always found himself starting his sprint at exactly the right time and in the right way to win his race. Strange to say, this impulse to sprint often came at times which were quite contrary to the orthodox technique, but whenever he let himself be governed by this inner direction (no matter whether he passed his opponent on the curve or on the straightaway) he *invariably won his race.* Once at a state meet when he found himself about to sprint thus, he let his little calculating self-thought enter in and check-mate the impulse, thinking that in so important a race he should let the orthodox standard of racing govern him. The result was that he lost first place by about six inches, which he could easily have erased if he had started his sprint when his inner impulse commanded him.

I am aware that athletes from time immemorial feel these impulses, and all agree that they come only when they are "in tune." As a natural result, therefore, nearly all athletes are either very superstitious or very religious. And now I should like to make a distinction which too few of our church members are as yet ready to make: Athletes—as well as other folks—are *superstitious* if they stress the *results*; they are *religious* if they stress the *"getting in tune."*

I have found that athletes do not have to be urged to trust to the Unseen; they have to be urged, rather, to carry this trust far enough. I have no use for what is commonly called

"taboos" or "hunches," which are the mere surface water of the psychic realm taking their rise from the shallow surface levels of superstition; but what I do respect are the inner inspirations which take their rise from the deep artesian wells of the Spirit which is within. So let me take my stand like Paul on Mars Hill and try to convert your superstitions into true religion by discouraging the tendency to look for signs and hunches, and in its place encouraging "getting in tune." And the best way to get in tune is to "love mercy, do justly and walk humbly with thy God." A great athletic coach should tell his boys to rejoice not that they are winning races, but that they are in tune with the Infinite. For the greatest coach of them all said when his great team of seventy chosen athletes of the spirit returned from their first great track and field meet in northern Galilee elated at the victories they had won, "Rejoice not that the devils are subject unto you, but rejoice rather that your names are written in heaven."

In conclusion, let me sum up the whole secret of putting power into athletics in two brief maxims:

I. IF YOU WISH TO TRAVEL FAR AND FAST, TRAVEL LIGHT.

When you take off your street clothes for your light athletic costume, take off, also, all your envies, jealousies, hates, unforgivenesses, selfishnesses and fears. Cleanse yourself out. Don't sweep things under a rug so that you can take them out and wallow in them whenever you feel like it, but open the window and cast them so far away that they won't be coming back again to bother you.

Did you ever hear of a bicycle making good time that had sand in the bearings? Neither can men travel fast in a sand storm. But dust and sand in the eyes and mouth of a runner are as nothing compared to these things that I have been talk-

ing about, resting like lead in a man's heart and spirit. Happy is the man who can free himself of this load.

But can it be done? you may ask.

It certainly can!

Several years ago the athletic world was startled by the marvelous feats of Red Grange in making four touchdowns in twelve minutes against the University of Michigan. The same year the University of Minnesota had lost most of its games against institutions that were not considered the strongest. When Illinois came to play Minnesota everyone naturally expected a score of 40 to 0 in favor of Illinois. Instead the game ended 27 to 7 in favor of Minnesota. Very few people know the inner secret of that victory. Let me reveal it to you.

The Thursday evening before the game the Minnesota team met at the home of one of the players and determined to bury all their petty jealousies, discords and rivalries. The team happened to be split wide open at the time from jealousies between national fraternities. They tossed overboard all the useless ballast they had been carrying through the early season's games. Just before the meeting broke up, one of the men said, "Fellows, we have tried everything else so far; suppose we try prayer," and then he haltingly led them in a short prayer. With the useless ballast all safely thrown overboard and the seal of permanence put upon the act through a simple act of prayer, they entered the game the next Saturday a completely new team.

No wonder they *traveled far and fast* that day . . . for they were *traveling light.*

II. IF YOU WOULD TRAVEL WITH PERMANENCE AND POWER, TUNE IN!

Tune in to what?

A. TUNE IN TO LOVE:

Find your center in Love. If there are not some persons in all your circle of acquaintances that you can love, you are certainly in a bad way. Don't love them merely for what they can give to you, but rather for what you can give to them. Find someone you could serve whether he or she ever gives you back anything in return. If you have found such a friend, you have found a window that opens upon God. Then trust that love and let it be for you a little shrine where you can go and find peace when all the world seems going against you. After you have found the love of man whom thou hast seen, try in the stillness of your room to find the love of God whom thou hast not seen.

B. TUNE IN TO PEACE:

When you have thrown the wrong things out and have found the right center within, you will find Peace. Peace is merely the sign of the perfect harmonizing of the outer with the inner, the sign that the door is wide open within you for the strong outflowing of power. Here is where prayer will help. Do not pray for victory; pray for peace. Prayer does not create miracles, but the peace and poise which prayer produces create the miracles. Prayer is like training to get into condition—a condition of peace. Jesus, that great athlete of the spirit, had trained so steadily that he was always in condition. Take him as your model and follow him.

C. TUNE IN TO JOY:

Joy is like the lightning, and he who has found his center in joy will find he can run like lightning. Joy is electric. It fills one with power from the smallest brain cell to the tip of the little finger. The quickest way to kill joy is to enter a

contest with the sole, sheer desire and purpose of winning. The quickest way to find joy is to enter the contest with the sole, sheer desire of enjoying every part of the process of the contest. Work can be converted into either play or drudgery. It is play if one enjoys every moment of the game. It is drudgery when the only satisfaction is in the reward at the end. When a thing is ended it is dead, it belongs to the past. When a person is immersed in a thing, it is alive, it is a thing of the present. The secret of finding joy in track athletics is to live in the present. Pay no attention to the future. Give yourself to life, not to death. Start every race with the intention of enjoying thoroughly the thrill that comes with the crack of the gun, the thrill of moving arms and legs, the exhilaration of rising in the air in the jumps, and the rhythmic motion of running around curved tracks. Run for the love of it, jump for the sheer joy of it, and no matter how far ahead the other fellows get, keep this love and joy in your heart and carry on at a good swinging pace, and you will get there.

Prayer, then, is dropping all fear and anxiety for the outcome, trusting all to God. God is the only ruler, the only power, and out of the goodness of His infinite heart He will see that all is well. Let the athlete paste under his uniform, or better still, inside his heart, these quotations: "God is my strength and my power." "Thine, O Lord, is the greatness and the power and the glory and the victory and the majesty."

CHAPTER V

THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED MIND

Address as High Chancellor of the American College Quill Club at Denver, July, 1925

COLLEGE teachers often have a mistaken idea of education. Their usual theory—their common obsession—is that education is something to do things to a boy or girl—something to make him grow. They forget that growth is an eternal thing—always going on in a boy or girl. The real purpose of education should be the removing of impediments to this growth, opening wider channels for its manifestation and expression, so that it may proceed in the simple and orderly and natural way that God intended it to unfold. The work of educators should be merely to remove those things which bind, which check or which tend to stifle this growth; in other words, as far as possible a policy of hands off, a letting be, a letting-go—letting the young person unfold as he naturally and normally would.

The continuous interference — from without — of the educative process, tends to arrest the student's development, instead of furthering it. We all suffer from arrested development more or less. This is proved conclusively by the fact that the only normal man was Christ. To attain a measure of Christ-like power we must go back to a simple, natural way of living and growing—always from within out, never from without in. That colleges have hindered as often as helped the progress of genius is evidenced by the fact that

ver half of the greatest writers of America have never ttended a college and that their unusual and unique genius s partly attributed to the fact that they did not attend ollege.

Edison would not have been the genius he is today were not for this natural unfolding — from within. Lincoln ould not have been the great figure he is today had too much een done to him from the outside. Socrates and Shakespeare re towering figures who were fortunate to have been born efore examinations and grades and promotions and degrees ere invented.

I said that real growth, lasting growth, colossal growth lways is from within out. It begins with the boy and the irl, inside him—in his mind-hunger, in his heart-yearning— ot outside of him—in the classroom, in the curriculum, in he teacher. How can we stimulate and nourish and release his growth the best? As a teacher of English composition, nore and more I have of late been throwing away most of ny old reliance upon the laws of rhetoric and grammar, and he conventional laws of writing made so much of by teachrs in the past. These secondary laws of technique are as othing compared with the great inner primary laws of the eeper self. And where shall we go to get authentic guidance egarding these laws of the deeper self?

First let us go to Socrates, the wisest man of Greece. The ecret of growth and power of the real man, the inner self, ccording to Socrates, is all summed up in the words: KNOW HYSELF. Let us go, next, to Marcus Aurelius, the wisest an of Rome. The secret of power and growth, according o him, is bound up in the two words: CONTROL THYSELF. et us go finally to the wisest of them all, the Man of Galilee.

According to him, the secret of life and power lies enfolded in the simple statement: DENY THYSELF.

Friends, in these three statements are to be found all the laws of growth of the individual, the very heart and core of the educative process. The first law, Know thyself, the college and schools are today just beginning to recognize as worthy of a place in their method and technique. The analysis and study of each student as an individual and the measuring and evaluating of his powers and capacities and the furnishing of expert guidance in the selecting of a vocation is in its beginning stages.

As teacher of composition I find that this is a great and important part of our teaching which we have been neglecting. First find what your student is interested in, what he is good at; find his heart's greatest desire, his all absorbing dominant passion, and then set him to work writing about it.

The second law, Control thyself, finds its place in our curriculum in the training in application and concentration of the student, the bringing of his mind under perfect control for the mastery of a subject. This law is the only one of the three which the college has been giving serious attention to, almost its sole attention to, perhaps too much attention to.

But the last phrase, that covered by the dynamic statement, Deny thyself, has received little or no attention from the viewpoint of the educators. It has been spurned and neglected. All too frequently it has been ridiculed by having a royal robe put about it and a crown of thorns placed upon its brow by those very ones whom we would expect above all others to be honoring it, but who in the depth of their hearts scoff at it and would gladly see it crucified.

Let me say a few things about this law and its relation to

creative writing. By "deny thyself," Jesus meant for you to put the *little* self aside and let the *greater* self flow through you. Open the sluice gate of the little self and let the living springs of the greater self flow through and irrigate your garden of ideas into eternal life. I spent twelve years writing and rewriting an article for the *Atlantic Monthly.* When it was finished, with all the technique and all the ideas and all the gray matter I could pack into it, I sent it on its rounds. Not only did it journey to the *Atlantic*, but it journeyed to a half dozen other magazines. And it invariably came back. Then one evening I sat down to answer a simple little question a student had put to me. No longer did I try or have any desire to write for fame, for money, for recognition. Forgotten was myself, the little self. Within my heart was merely the desire to serve, to help, to comfort. A friend who read my answer said I should send it to the *Atlantic.* I followed his suggestion and my article was instantly accepted, and they wrote back, "Send us half a dozen more like it."

Friends, that is the difference between doing your own writing, and letting the greater self write through you. I am not talking from one chance instance. I have made a careful investigation into this matter and know whereof I speak. I could line the side wall of this room with names and statements of great writers who ascribe their power of writing to just this thing. Homer and Vergil and Milton did not invoke the Muses as a mere matter of form. They were actually and unqualifiedly by that act putting their little selves aside, "denying themselves" that the highest spiritual powers of which they could conceive could flow through them. Pericles began every oration with prayer. Demosthenes opened his oration on the crown with prayer. George Eliot says that

all her greatest writings came when she let go and a "not me" took hold. Joel Chandler Harris said he never wrote anything worth while till "the other fellow" looking over his shoulder took the pen in his hand and did the work for him.

Ladies and gentlemen, I come here tonight to call the American College Quill Club to this larger conception of the art for which we stand. It is a mistake for us to think that the art of writing, for which we are banded together, has its beginning and ending within the laws of rhetoric, of grammar, of the conventional text book canons of writing. The privilege is given to us to choose higher standards and higher ideals, accept a higher challenge and in turn demand higher results. I for one can set for my goal nothing short of colossal results for the literary efforts of the young aspirants in writing in America today. If we wish to cultivate and bring into existence a higher American literature, we must accept nothing lower than Christ's ideal — the ideal which Homer and Dante and Shakespeare instinctively accepted and so grandly applied. It is within our reach, it is within the scope of our minds and the reach of our powers. Inspiration is not a thing limited to one time or to one age. There is just as much of it around today in spite of all our institutionalized learning, our artificial thinking and our machine-made and standardized processes of living. It is for us to break through the doors that the little carpenters of education have built about us and burst forth into the fresh air of God's pure light. It is for us to lead the way and show the path for others to follow. Here, and here only is the spring from which all literature flows. And it brings us back to the simple formula, which we must not only *know*, but must LIVE: PUT THE LITTLE SELFISH MOTIVES ASIDE, DENY THYSELF, ACKNOWL-

EDGE THE GREATER SELF—GOD; TRUST HIM, COMMIT YOURSELF TO HIM, OBEY HIS CALL, THEN LET HIM WRITE THROUGH YOU.

For there are three laws that govern all education, all growth, all life. They are: Know thyself, Control thyself, Deny thyself; these three, and the greatest of these is Deny thyself. These are the three strings of the Muse's harp. "Of myself I can do nothing; but through Him I am all things." "For His is the power and the strength and the majesty, and the glory and the victory."

CHAPTER VI

THE THOUGHT IN THE BALANCED SOUL

An address given before a State Convention of the Minnesota Intercollegiate Young Men's Christian Association, at St. Paul, Minn., March, 1928

WHEN I was a little boy I read in a third reader, one day, the following rhyme. At least this is the way it comes back to me:

"If with fear you grasp a nettle,
It will sting you for your pains;
Seize it like a man of mettle,
And it soft as silk remains."

Later I read such statements as "Turn the other cheek," "The meek shall inherit the earth," and "Do not overcome evil with evil, but overcome evil with good."

While these general statements may be somewhat contradictory in nature, they are, nevertheless, the same in this respect: They indicate that the way to overcome evil is not to run away from it, but to go out manfully to meet it.

Go out to meet the thing you are afraid of—not with fear, but with love, and it will become your ally and not your foe. And now, with this much of an introduction, I am going to take one great seven league boot stride ahead and tell you how to overcome any evil that may ever confront you.

You love that which belongs to you, is a part of you, is identical with you. To love a thing means to take it unto yourself, assimilate it into yourself, in spirit, and make it a

art of yourself. What you love you become like. What you ove you actually become. Love Light and you become like ight, a spreader of Light. Continue to love Light and you ecome Light yourself. Love Love and you become like Love, ou spread Love. Continue to love Love and you finally ecome Love itself. God is Love. To love Love in yourself r in others—is the highest thing you can do.

To love a thing means to realize your unity with the thing ou love. Now the sense of Love and the sense of unity can ever come on a low or materialistic plane. Love and unity re in essence spiritual terms. Realize your unity with anyhing and it simply means you are lifted to the realm of pirit, and the spirit of the thing meets your spirit. Now the pirit of everything is good. For instance, even the spirit of ebt is good. The spirit behind the debt, which makes the ebt possible, is man's trust in man. Thus when you go forth o meet a debt which has heretofore been a nightmare to you, nd when you no longer fear it, but realize your unity with , it simply means that you and Trust become one. The ioment you and Trust become one, your debt ceases to be a ebt, no matter if it is something another owes you or you we another.

A wildly barking dog rushes forth to attack you. Silently ealizing unity with the dog you command it to cease barkng and it wags its tail. The idea behind the dog is Fidelity. barking dog is merely Fidelity gone to seed. A long overue debt is merely Trust gone to seed. Realize your unity ith Trust and Fidelity and you have the power to command ebts and barking dogs. Realize unity with anything and ou can command it. For anything that is part of you you an command.

Let me illustrate. I cannot move your arm or your hand, and if I see your hand holding some ashes which I wish you would drop, I cannot turn your hand over and open the fingers and let the dust and ashes fall from them. But if your hand becomes *my* hand, I can easily command *my* hand to turn over and let go of the debris that pains it. However, if you realize unity with another and command him to do that which hurts him, you are hurting your own hand and your own arm. Whenever you use another so as to injure him or any other living soul merely to gratify your own personal self, you have used a spiritual power in an unspiritual way and reaction always sets in, bringing cleansing to you through suffering.

I have referred to Trust and Fidelity as being spiritual ideas behind the externalized, objectified manifestation of debts and barking dogs. This may raise the question, does one have to know what the spiritual idea is behind an evil or supposed evil before he can realize his unity with it? No, by no means. Merely to realize Unity, merely to LOVE brings into play in our unconscious nature a transmuting process which lifts everything into the realm of spirit. This filters out the dross and distills those who unite together or love one another into spiritual beings, and their real union is made through spiritual channels, not through material or physical channels. Thus, if the doctor says you have tuberculosis, merely to realize your unity with the tuberculosis germ without troubling to discover what good thing is behind the germ will begin a cure.

As a matter of fact, all of our troubles are cleansing processes, not punishing processes, a mere reaction following in the wake of our misconception of the goodness of the

universe. The idea behind most of our illnesses and most of our troubles is the same idea which is behind soap. Everyone knows that soap is the scourge of every small boy. When the boy grows to manhood he may say that he loves soap, but he does not really love soap. He means that he loves the idea of CLEANLINESS which the soap represents. Thus to realize your unity with tuberculosis or heart trouble or cancer or pneumonia is merely to love the cleanliness which these strong "soaps" represent. From that realization of unity comes a great diminution of the distress which the soaps cause and finally the soap, having accomplished its purpose of uniting us with the cleanliness and making us love cleanliness, departs. We all like to be clean, but we hate the cleaning process. Love the cleaning process and it will take less time, as every mother who has washed her son's ears can testify. "Don't wriggle so hard and don't shout so loud and this will not take so long," we seem to hear God say when trouble comes to us. How many sons have heard their mothers say these identical words?

Are you afraid of water, fire, a thunder storm, or some animal? Make unity with it, and no harm will come from it. Your realization of unity with anything raises your mind from the mere thing to the spirit of the thing. Thus your mind is pushed above it. To rise mentally above a thing is to overcome the general effect of that thing as conceived by the average race-mind.

To rise above a thing is to *come up over* it—or in other words to *overcome* it. LOVE and UNITY are the two paths that lift a man above things to ideas, above personalities to beings—in short takes him from the carnal to the spiritual realm. Through Love we can thus overcome the world, as

through love we can sense our unity with things and come up over things.

In days of old the Greeks personified the spirit of things by giving to everything a god. Before starting on a journey by water a Greek would salute the spirit of the water and the boat. By thus doing, he realized in his crude childlike way his unity with the boat and the river. The things which he had feared he no longer feared. This faith often sustained men of simple belief through many dangers. Now we know there is no God but Love, no God but the Father. But we find unity with the Father and with Love every time we find or realize our unity with mankind or with the forces of nature.

In Coleridge's Ancient Mariner, the moment the suffering mariner realized his unity with the loathsome creeping things of the deep, and spontaneous love gushed from his heart for the very things which before he had hated, that moment the curse was lifted. Up to that time the ancient mariner might have voiced Job's words, "The thing which I feared has come upon me." But the moment he ceased to fear it and loved it, the moment he ceased to feel his separation from it and began to realize his unity with it—that moment the dread thing disappeared and good things came in its stead, or rather the evil thing became a good thing.

Let us turn to another scene. That of a boat upon a sea. The tempest is raging, making of the water a terrible, fearful thing. The men in their fear awaken the One who is sleeping in the stern of the boat. "Wake Master, or we perish." And the Master, turning to the raging elements, recognized in them brothers of His spirit, partners of His soul, and recognizing His unity with the waves, turns and

commands. And because they are united with Him, because they belong to Him, the waves obey His voice.

And so, when terrible misfortune seems to be coming upon you, merely turn toward it without fear and realize your unity with it and command, "Peace, be still."

If wild animals are attacking you, turn toward them with love in your heart and command, "Peace, be still."

You will find miracles will happen when you cease to grasp with fear the nettle which stings you for your pains, but with realization of your unity with it and with love in your heart you seize it like a man of mettle, and it will in your hand soft as silk remain.

According to your faith it will be done unto you. Faith in what? Faith in the power of love, faith in the power of unity. Faith in the realization that what is part of you as an arm is a part of you can always be commanded as easily as you can command your own self, and only good will come of it, provided, of course, you always command with love, so as to hurt no other being, and do not use the power for your personal aggrandizement. Even the bad things are a part of you, and are only bad because you do not know they are a part of you, and you think they are separate from you. The only hell, the only suffering in the world comes from a sense of separation. Heaven is harmony, hell is separation. Heaven is a place of harmonious souls who know they belong to each other. Hell is a place of separate souls, on the other hand, who don't know that they belong to each other.

There you have it. To keep out of hell recognize nothing and no one as existing apart from you. You can then command all things for good. To keep in heaven realize

your unity with all persons and all things and recognize that these things all work together in harmony. "All things work together for good to those who love the Lord." Love is the power that brings all persons and things into perfectly adjusted and harmonious activity.

Thus Christ gave a mighty law, a secret of many miracles, when He said, "Resist not evil, but overcome evil with good." And the good with which you overcome an evil always takes its rise in your realization of your union with the thing—or the spirit of the thing you would overcome. For when you realize your unity with a thing, the very unity will lift you up over it. Thus you come up over it and overcome it. For unity and love operate on a high plane —a plane where there is no suffering, no want, no evil of any kind—for they operate in the kingdom which is within—and this kingdom is the kingdom of heaven.

CHAPTER VII

ONE THOUGHT MORE

MY DEAR reader, since you have been so kind as to have accompanied me without complaint upon this little journey to the island farthest out, and since you have listened to my conversations so patiently all along the way, now that the journey is over and we have returned again to your home and fireside, I trust that you will not mind, if, before I take leave of you, I tarry a moment to rest by your open hearth and, while tarrying, unpack from my knapsack one thought more that I hope you will treasure as a gift of some value. It is an old thought—as old as time, but as fresh and new as every day that dawns: AS A MAN THINKETH IN HIS HEART SO IS HE.

This journey has revealed to me, as it may have done to you, that all of our troubles and all of our sins are caused by lack of inner understanding of things as they are, by lack of vision, if you will. What bothers us is the blur. Most people when they face their troubles or face their sins, or other persons' troubles and sins, are like unfocused opera glasses. Turn the screw a little and there you are! A person who is equipped, who is perfect master of bringing himself or keeping himself always in focus, is prepared for any emergency that may confront him.

Of course this is just another way of saying what this book has been saying all along, that all that is required is to bring yourself into balance, like a cat. But whether you

achieve this on the principle of the opera glass or on th principle of the cat, the principle is the same. It is this:

You attract to yourself

not the condition you ASK
not the condition you EXPECT
not the condition you WANT

BUT YOU ATTRACT UNTO YOURSELF THE CONDITION THA ACCORDS WITH WHAT YOU ARE!

Prayer, like friendship, is largely a divine recompense o a basis of absolute fairness of exactly what you are. As am in my heart, so am I in the world outside. As I measur to others, so shall it be measured unto me.

It cannot be otherwise.

Prayer, in so far as you hope it will change the outwar conditions about you, must first of all change condition within you. If you want something in the world changed first change yourself, then go and lay your need before th altar, and your Father who rewardeth in absolute fairnes will reward you.

Do you want a balanced world? Then get a balance personality. And how do you *get* anything? You get onl by giving. As you give you shall receive.

Do you want to GET a whole personality—then go an GIVE a whole personality. Give to whom? It doesn't matte for God is all about you. Give it to the least of those abou you—give it to the greatest of those about you. This is wha sets one so marvelously free—free from surroundings, fro environment, from everything. It doesn't matter to who or to what one gives oneself—it only matters HOW one giv oneself. The light—the love—the joy—the abundance wit which you give yourself attracts the same that is outside

you to you. It cannot be otherwise.

WHAT ARE YOU?

ARE YOU A GIVING PERSON? If you are, the world will be giving to you. ARE YOU A GETTING PERSON? If you are, the world will be getting all it can away from you.

DO YOU GIVE POWERFULLY? Then Power will come to you.

DO YOU GIVE LOVINGLY? Then Love will come to you.

DO YOU GIVE BEAUTIFULLY? Then Beauty will come to you.

DO YOU GIVE ABUNDANTLY? Then Abundance will come to you.

For to him who hath (and gives away what he hath) to him shall be given, and he who hath not (and clings to what little he hath) the same shall be taken from him that which he hath. He who saveth his life shall lose it, and he who loseth his life shall save it.

What shall you give? Most beautiful, most powerful, most wonderful of all gifts is yourself, your faith, your trust, your love. Trust men, trust God, trust events. And the most powerful, most beautiful of all giving is forgiving your enemies, your persecutors. If you really do that once, then you become irresistible. After that you will draw all things to you. For then you are perfect even as your heavenly Father is perfect.

For again let me repeat: YOU ATTRACT UNTO YOURSELF THE CONDITION THAT ACCORDS WITH WHAT YOU ARE; AND IF YOU ARE PERFECT, YOU DRAW PERFECTION TO YOU.

The difference between the fine gold of God's love and the common clay of human love, is that we HAVE love, but it flees away if we are mistreated or neglected. GOD IS LOVE,

and like the sunshine, which shines upon the just and the unjust, He rains it down unceasingly upon all, regardless of whether they mistreat Him or neglect Him. We love men so long as they return that love, but cease loving them the moment it is withdrawn from us; God loves because men NEED love. Such love is like the fine fragrance of a rose that pours out the riches of its spirit to bless all that come within its radius.

Do not HAVE Love. BE Love. AND THEN YOU WILL ATTRACT ALL THE GOODNESS, ALL THE PERFECTION THAT THE WORLD HAS IN STORE FOR YOU TO YOU; YOU WILL DRAW THE VERY KINGDOM OF HEAVEN ITSELF DOWN TO THE EARTH. When your Power to Love becomes like God's Power to Love, then your Power to create will become like God's Power to create.

Behold there are three doors to the kingdom of LOVE. The first door is of the flesh, and many are they who find it. The second is of the intellect, and here the road begins to narrow. The third is of the spirit, and few are they who find it. Judas gave Jesus only ONE kiss. The people of Sychar could keep Jesus only TWO days. But Jesus made Peter say he loved him THREE times. If you wish to betray your master, it is because you have gone through only *one* door. You *have* Love, but you possess it by so tenuous a thread that you could easily lose it, even if it is love for a friend. If you feel merely a formal curiosity *of* and *about* the Master, like many orthodox church-goers, it is because you have gone in only *two* doors. Again you *have* Love, but you could still lose it, especially if it were love for your enemies. But if it is the desire of your heart to serve your Master all the days of your life, if your heart belongs to

wholly, completely, utterly, till you dwell in Him and He dwells in you, then you no longer HAVE LOVE . . . THENCEFORTH YOU ARE LOVE and all the principalities and powers cannot then separate you from the Love of God. AND THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM ARE YOURS, AND ALL THE POWERS OF HELL SHALL NOT PREVAIL AGAINST IT; WHATEVER YOU PROHIBIT ON EARTH WILL BE PROHIBITED IN HEAVEN, AND WHATEVER YOU PERMIT ON EARTH WILL BE PERMITTED IN HEAVEN.

AND THE MOMENT THAT YOU BECOME LOVE, THENCEFORTH

WHATEVER YOU ASK SHALL BE YOURS.

WHATEVER YOU EXPECT SHALL BE YOURS.

WHATEVER YOU WANT SHALL BE YOURS.

FOR YOU SHALL THENCEFORTH ASK FOR, AND EXPECT, AND WANT, ONLY THAT WHICH IS IN ACCORD WITH THE SPIRIT OF INFINITE LOVE. FOR YOU ARE LOVE AND LOVE IS THE POWER THAT DRAWS ALL THINGS INTO PERFECTLY ADJUSTED AND HARMONIOUS ACTIVITY. YOU HENCEFORTH ATTRACT UNTO YOU THE CONDITION THAT ACCORDS WITH WHAT YOU ARE.

I AM ASKING THE FATHER THAT YOU WHO SHALL READ THIS LITTLE MESSAGE, SHALL CATCH ITS SPIRIT AND UNDERSTAND IT. AND WHOEVER CATCHES THE SPIRIT OF IT AND MAKES IT HIS OWN NEED ONLY WISH FOR PROSPERITY, ATTAINMENT, HAPPINESS—YES, BLESSING AND PEACE—AND IT WILL COME TO HIM. OF THIS I HAVE NO DOUBT—IT CANNOT BE OTHERWISE.

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